

Spotting Doom

by MADMAN1234

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Summary: James head to inkopolis for the first time, then realizes how dangerous being an inker could be, and how dangerous his mom could be when she finds out he didn't become one. So he changes his identity. Featuring a mamma's boy, peace with octarians, possible dark themes in later chapters, and also two friends who make a band. This is a wild ride, buckle your seatbelts.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*So\*\* \*\*I made a thing, read it if you want to I don't really care lol\*\*

\*\*Also head canons are cool\*\*

\*\*Head canon:Inklings blood are the same color as their current ink color\*\*

\*\*Also inklings have to be submerged in water for them to "die"\*\*

\*\*If an inkling is not connected to a respawn point and their splatted, they're gone.\*\*

"Do you think he'll notice?"

"No way, this will be easy, go in, get out."

"I'm not sure..."

"No one is squirt."

"Stop calling me that!"

"Have it your way T-."

James sat up in bed, he groaned as some rays of sun shined into his eyes. He lazily flopped back down. He heard a knock on his door. "James! it's time to get up!" James sat up and made his way to his dresser, he grab his stick of deodorant and put it on, he reached into his dresser and pulled out an aloha shirt, pants, and a bobble hat. He threw them on and made his way out the door. He walked up the stair and to the kitchen, he grabbed a box of cocoa squids and a jug of milk, he poured the milk into the cereal and put the milk away. He picked up his bowl and set it at the dining room table. He sat down and began eating. Once he finished, he put his bowl in the dishwasher and looked out the window, it was snowing. He grabbed his anchor sweat and his duffle bag. He opened the door and headed out.

James reached the train station, he sat down on a bench and waited. After a minute the train arrived, he stood up as the train doors opened. A bunch of inklings got off, he waited for a second, no one else was getting off so he got on. He looked around, no seats had no one around them, so he decided to stand. He grabbed one of the metal bars and the train started.

The train stopped at inkopolis plaza, when the doors opened he got out and looked around. Taking everything in. He walked up the steps to get to Callie and Maries studio. He looked through the glass, Callie and Marie were talking, Callie noticed James and waved. James waved back. \_Scratch one thing off the list\_ thought James as he walked away. He hopped over the railing and onto the pavement. only injuring his legs a little. He looked over at the cafe, two inklings were doing a synchronized dance together, a couple inklings were watching and throwing coins. \_Being an inker is the easiest way to earn money\_. James remembered something his friend told him before they moved to inkopolis. \_Being an inker is dangerous! Imagine all the ways you could get hurt!\_ another thing another one of his friends told him. \_Naw, it's cool! My uncle Dave was an inker, and look how much money he has!\_ It was like his friends were having a conversation in his mind. \_But he has that weird thing with his knee! What was that called? I think it's called "Being an idiot" Sarah.\_ \_Ow! Don't push me! I still made my point! He has a lot of money but now he can't run as well!\_ James thought about that. If being an inker could injure him. He didn't want to be one as much anymore. \_But my mom let me go here just so i could become an inker and make some money.\_ James thought, suddenly, an idea sparked into his mind.

James was instructed that at 10:00 PM, he would come home. James decided not to, in the past 5 hours, he had been shopping for new clothes so that he could change his identity, get a new name and stick to it. He just needed to think of one. \_Marcus? Nah. Tom? No. Dave? No. How 'bout Tyler? Yes.\_ "Tyler" headed into a changing room to put his new clothes on. He put on his baseball jersey, a red short beanie, and some blue lo-tops. He walked out of the changing room, he was a new person, James was gone. Tyler destroyed him. He walked past all the shiny buildings that sold gear. He kept walking until he came to a unpopular music store, he walked in. the cashier looked at him as he picked up a ukulele and a keyboard. He set them next to the counter. "How much will this cost?" Asked Tyler. "1200 coins." Replied the cashier. Tyler dropped the coins onto the counter and folded up the keyboard and walked out holding the keyboard and ukulele.

\*\*Authors note\*\*

\*\*Well you read it, that's nice\*\*

\*\*Please review i need to feel pain and suffering\*\*

\*\*But don't just say something like "Is crap" or "Dumb"\*\*

\*\*Please tell me why\*\*

\*\*bye\*\*

\*\*lol\*\*

## 2. Spotting Doom Chapter 2 hey that rhymes

\*\*So my neck is really sore from all the head banging I do while listening to sick beat drops so I write.\*\*

Tyler was walking through inkopolis the next morning. Missing child posters were hanging everywhere. Tyler decided that to make money, he would start a band. The only choice of music you could listen to was pop and rock. Tyler wanted to change that. Every other band stays inside their wonderful genre bubble to avoid the anguished moans of their fans. Tyler wouldn't do that. Tyler was snapped out of his day dreaming when a police officer handed him a missing child poster and asked if he had seen him. "Nope, don't recognize him." Said Tyler. The police officer took the poster back and got back into his car. Tyler continued walking, trying to find a place where he could practice, and also find a second person to be in the band.

Tyler finally found a person who could play the drums. Tyler and Josh where practicing in an alley way. After an hour or two, they finally started to sound good. A couple inklings who walked by tossed them some coins. At about 7:00 Josh had to go home, so that was the end of practicing. He walked into the alleyway he slept in yesterday and sat down. Next to the blanket he found a half full can of spray paint. he picked it up and put it into his baseball jersey pocket. He lied down on the blanket and fell asleep.

"Hello? Are you okay?" Tyler sat up, above him was an inkling, about 5'8, his tentacle color was yellow. "Are you alright?" Asked the inkling, "Yup, why'd you ask?" Replied Tyler. "Just wanted to make sure you were alright. By the way, the name's Tom." Tom reached his hand out and pulled Tyler up, as Tyler looked up at him, he just realized how freaking short he is, he was 5'4. This guy looked like a freaking mountain compared to him. "My name's Tyler." replied Tyler, he was getting kind of annoyed at how this guy had to look down to see his whole body. "Okay, nice name, welp bye." Tom started walking away. "Hey wait!" Called Tyler, Tom walked back "What is it?" asked Tom. "You wanna come down to the cafe with me? Drinks are half priced today." Tyler replied "Sure! Got nothing better to do." Tom said as they walked to the cafe. After a minute of silence Tom started "So are you inviting me to the cafe because you're g-"Tom was cut off by Tyler "Don't try to drop the Are you gay bomb, I'm just asking if you want to get a drink, between one mild acquaintance to another." Tyler replied. "You can call us friends, I'm okay with it." Said Tom.

Once they arrived at the cafe, Tyler held open the door for Tom and they walked up to the counter. "Why do these menus have to be so

complex? The small is not tall for gods sake." Said Tom. "This freaking place has to name the drinks as long as possible so people think they're getting a good deal when they buy an espresso for 300 coins." replied Tyler.

After they ordered and got their drinks they sat down in a chair by the window. They made some small talk and drunk their drinks.

\*\*Authors note\*\*

\*\*'Ey look it's another chapter dun dun dun\*\*

\*\*I'm very alone.\*\*

\*\*Panda\*\*

\*\*So um...\*\*

\*\*I might make another chapter today.\*\*

\*\*That's cool.\*\*

\*\*Bye.\*\*

End  
file.